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Must Remain in
Transcription Room

M 1705

Friday . October 31, 1969

Westtown

IV

PART I.

Paragraphing

MR.NYLAND: Every once in a while one takes a good look at oneself. Sometimes, of course, at the end of the day when the day goes in review, because you want to find out how were you. Sometimes during the day, all of a sudden, you see yourself. When you don't have a chance to think about it too much, you see the truth. The next moment you don't see it anymore. It's covered up. That is, something takes place, that is as if a cloud comes between your 'I' and yourself. It is formed by associations of the mind. When the mind functions very fast it is almost instantaneous that the truth is immediately followed by an explanation. The truth does not need an explanation because the truth just is a being. It's a level. ¶ The truth is what one is in relation to absoluteness. It's questionable if one ever will reach that particular equality. And even if we say the truth for us has to be absolute, we notice our mind will do everything possible to make the truth a little bit more acceptable. It is such a pity, because on account of this we see everything in a different way, in a different way from what they really are. And even praying to God to tell you the truth, does not help you. Your mind is very stubborn. It holds on to the ideas of yourself, which, of course, you have formed gradually during your life. And all of a sudden to try even to change it, or to become aqquainted with it, not even that is allowed. Your mind plays constantly tricks on you. Your feelings are a little better. They are a little freer. You can actually find more out about the truth about yourself by just feeling. Why don't we live that way then? Why is it that we have the mind predominate, in connection of course, with whatever the body is; but the mind

justifies what the body wishes, and the mind never justifies a feeling. A feeling is only there to help it along a little bit. I think that the mind wishes from the feeling just enough energy to exist. I think the mind is a terrible thing. When you're faced with certain facts, when they are put in front of you and your reaction is instantaneous, how close are you to the truth then? It's difficult to say this, and it's very difficult to say what I really mean, because why should I be honest with you? Why should I expect even for you to understand my honesty? Why am I so-called teaching you? Why am I reminding you? By what authority do I tell you about Work? It's not enough for me to justify it with my own mind in saying that I have to, or That's the way I am, or I cannot change it. The difference between a child and a grown up person is that his saying 'I cannot change it' is changed then, 'I will change'. As long as one believes that that what the mind tells you which then says will prevent you from changing; you are a child, you are a child of circumstances, of conditions under which you live, you are limited in your viewpoint. When I tell you the truth the way I see it, I try to open that limit, that narrowmindedness, what I call narrowminded, because you don't allow different things to have proper value, because your mind is prejudiced and it keeps on interfering; even if the scales may be in your emotions the mind always thumbs a little bit tricky and pushes one of the scales down a little bit more, as if the person who's weighing is dishonest, and only when it is in your favor you sometimes will recognize it, but since

it is in your favor you don't want to dispute it. As soon as it is a little bit the other way you will argue. One is not ready for honesty, and only after a very long time. One has to be prepared to become honest and to be able to stand, to understand, to know what one is. Sometimes one doesn't even want to know it. I say why should I tell you the truth? Why shouldn't I allow it to be found out by yourself? Because it could be done if you only had experience. But the fact that you don't have experience, and that your mind is limited simply delegates you to a very small world of yourself: when in order to find out the truth in many ways will require an expansion of your own world. You have to be told that you are narrow, even if that is the truth you will not accept it. You will not even have the feeling that that may be so. You will be arguing, justifying. Self-love, Gurdjieff talks about it many times, the love of oneself, quite misplaced because what is there really to love? That you happen to be favorably impressed by the outside world when you were born because those were impressions that came in on you at that moment when you saw daylight, and from then on it simply has been continued in that same way, and all the time your mind has said, 'Thankyou', by reacting. The originality of the mind which would be honest has changed over into the regularity of habit, which is dishonest because it is not your own. What is really your own? What is it if you want to try to find it? Where do you find it? Which way? What direction? What can you do about it? When certain things already have gone, when words are out of your mouth, when you are still responsible for

for the effect, when you so-called cannot help but talk about Work and you arouse in someone maybe the wish, something of that kind that then they, wanting to find out more, ask you and question you and you have to say the whole alphabet of Work, are you ready to do that? Do you want to take that responsibility? Or is it perhaps better to shut up entirely and leave people alone, even if you care for them, leave them alone, it may be helpful to the to find out where the walls are. Each person lives in a cell. It's dark. You cannot see the wall. You bump into it. At first you don't believe that it is the wall, because you're looking for the door. Maybe there are cells without a door. Maybe that someone from the outside wants to help you and maybe they still have to make a door, before there is an opening in the wall and the opening can be made by taking away, brick by brick, gradually, until finally, maybe, you can step out in the open and daylight is let in gradually. There is a chance of adjustment when one has patience, so that then the mind can change gradually under the influence of different forms of material which can enter into you at times when you let them or when you push the associations away like a curtain. That then there is the possibility of something else coming in through the door, but you don't know what to do, because you love your self-associations. How to get rid of it, that is not the question; how to develop something next to it, that is the problem. Because there is at first no room, because your mind tells you you should not have a wish. Your mind justifies you not to have a wish. It reasons it out for you that even when the wish is there, perhaps,

and many times it wants to be, independent of the mind, the mind immediately says, 'You don't belong here as yet'..If it would only say 'as yet', it could be understood. But that what the mind says many times is so final, and you sit down, as if, when you have found a word you're satisfied with that word and never mind any further thought, let alone any kind of an activity. We are such poor people, that we take the mind which was only meant for an existence of Earth to think about the Universe, and to have this little mind try to define what is an aim. A threefold aim, day and year in, a life aim, a universal aim; and that little mind tries to tell about the Universal Aim of God. I talk in the last period very much about religion, about Truth, about your God, my God, about religion in general as conduct, about the necessity of the development of inner Life, or at least the possibility to trust it a little more than you have done before; and that with this, of course your conscience must develop, so that if a person bee comes consciencious his mind is not of much value any more. The relying is now on that what you really feel, and the more you are reinforced in this feeling the better it will be for you. The reinforcing of your feeling is not your own. The help one receives comes from above. That gives you the strength. As man is on Earth, he is not open with his mind. He can prattle a little bit about the beauty of the Universe and the stars, but it's all dark to him but a few light points. But that what is one's feeling can be touched by God, as if God could send at times a personal messenger to you which has an

entrance, admission ticket, with your name on it, and the requirement is that you honor it. It says I.O.U.. I think God owes us something because we are on Earth. It is not our fault: it's a question of being on this Earth. Neither is it the fault of the Earth; it just happens. The Earth is in a very low level, even as an unfortunate planet. The Earth itself does not really understand it. And all of mankind as a whole don't, they don't understand it. What will change this world? How can one individually affect the conditions? You see, when the emphasis is on that what is for the glory of God. What is meant in the Bible, that people have forsaken God, have left him? And that the only salvation is again to return to that what was the point of origin, where everything was then in equilibrium and whatever the thought was that then happened, the Universal thought of that what then became important of the consideration of the creation necessary for the maintenance of the Totality as a Whole, and that in the consequences of that kind of involutionary thought process that what happens to a man being on Earth, now realizing his bondage to the Earth, that, of course, he has to free himself from that; But then supposing he is free on Earth, how will he dare to talk about Work to other people? How will he dare to take responsibility for having talked? How will he, without talking, and only by showing , and even maybe a little bit in his posture of what is his inner Life, how will he affect the conditions of the Earth? What is the accent of humanity at present; emphasis of course of body, emphasis of superficial things on the skin of the Earth itself,

improvements, like salve on wounds of the Earth; to cover them up, not to see them, not to wish even to penetrate into the depths of the Earth, no more desire and only to be satisfied with eating, drinking, and sleeping. No more wishes for actual development, but concentrating on industrial growth so as to make it easier, life, not to have to think, to be able to breathe in just air, a little bit polluted, but one makes adjustments; to have some money in the bank if possible so that you can pay your taxes; or an aim for money to be able to live and then maybe hoard it, maybe spend it; what of it? Après nous le déluge.

The emphasis of the life of man at present is terribly low. Our institutes of learning do not teach any more; they grind out a couple of diplomas. Where is the depth of one's life when one is taught to see within oneself the truth? Where is the road shown to go further than the skin? Where is one's essential value? Where is it that one even wishes to talk about it? And at the same time, if it could be understood, how few essential people could change this world? When the accent is not on the body, or on money, or on superficial pursuits, but when the emphasis becomes, as I say, for the glory of God, it will then indicate the direction in which man wishes to go and he will not wish then to stay on Earth and just crawl around a little bit on the surface. When he wishes to erect a vertical line towards infinity, then mankind will start to understand that there are two possibilities, at least; maybe three. But it is enough to know that there is one more and quite dif-

ferent in direction, and different in color, and different in intensity, and different in understanding; because it changes all this beautiful knowledge into very poor understanding - but understanding is of a higher value because it is the understanding of the aim of the Universe. Why is man born on Earth? Why does he continue to populate it? Why shouldn't there be a moratorium on childbirth? Why is it necessary to continue to create children, if the children are not going to be better off than what one is oneself? And if one still thinks that it has to be found in giving them a little bit more so called education, they end up a little earlier in hospitals or in institutions for the freedom of the mind. What will one do individually? What is the hope of mankind? Is there a chance that maybe with destruction which is involved in any kind of a civilization when it is going down - it will go down with a crash. It will take up a great deal of energy and simply disappear in in the Earth as if one earthquake physically as well as psychologically will follow another until the sky is clear and no more clouds between man and his 'I'. Why do we wish to Work for that? And then when I ask that question, I have no answer. I do not know what you wish. Many times I don't even know why you come. The same way as it is sometimes difficult for me sometimes to tell you the truth, because why should I tell you the truth when there is all the possibility in the world that you could find out in time. But when time is no essence any more, then why even tell? Why not just wait until you find out by yourself, because maybe you will believe yourself much

more than anyone else who tells you. If that could grow by just creating a surrounding, one could live in silence in the neighborhood of the Barn and only the Enneagram will speak to you. But that is the difficulty of life. We drink to that.

PART III

I think by this time you probably have understood a little bit of what I meant when I talked on my birthday, I have said then that the Law of Seven was over, as far as my life is concerned, and that from now on the Law of Three will govern me. It involves a variety of different changes, some of which I think you will notice; some you won't. To some extent you might notice a certain amount of freedom which I will allow myself. The freedom will concern me in my particular attempt for Work. And to prepare in a certain way that what I think is necessary. This preparation includes certain things that I still want to say or write in a certain way for which I need time. It is not that I am withdrawing at all. Only, I will be active in a different manner. And one of the things is that you will discover that I will tell you the truth, whenever I think I ought to tell, in the way I see it. And that it doesn't matter anything at all, to me, what you think. I will give you at times my impression. I have no interest even in you receiving it or reacting, or approving, or considering me one thing or another. I'm past that point. I am in that sense now on my own. I do not look for affirmation, approbation, even admiration. I do not care any longer. When I want to tell you the

truth I will tell it to you as unvarnished as I can. You can take it or leave it.

The level of the Group as a whole depends, of course on the mixture of the different people who are at certain times more or less Aware. And when that mixture represents a level, it is then what you take as the Being of a Group. When I feel that there are certain things in your way, which I believe ought to be straightened out, and which I sincerely believe do not belong to anyone who strives to become a Conscious Man, which after all is the aim in which we are interested, or rather, you know well enough, that I am interested in it. And that on account of that, this whole rigamarole of Barn etc., etc., has been started. And I explained also, on Gurdjieff's memorial day, what I had in mind regarding my responsibility for that kind of a thing that I happened to, you might even say, conceive in a certain way. But I don't need your approval. I am in that sense completely independent. So I will tell you a little bit of truth: You see, it was my birthday. Previous to that there was of course a little turmoil, a little, let's say, activity, in regard, ' What will we do for him? Perhaps we should collect some money. Perhaps it is necessary for him to have a little bit more in the fund so that he can spend it for our benefit.' 'Cause this you must know by this time, it is always spent for the benefit of the Group. And so, when these questions of a little fund and money comes up, one always puts on a very special face. And then, when that request by someone who has been delegated, and usually, you know, it goes behind my back, but I know very well that it exists, when that then is communicated

in someway to all of us who are members of this Group and who contribute to the activity of this kind of Work, and who profess at times to consider Work important, and who every once in a while consider me as a person who has started all of this, and who has taken a responsibility for it, then it is sometimes extremely amazing to me at what particular place you think I am. I'm constantly amazed by the ignorance, and a great stupidity, and such superficiality, that I cannot understand that over the last years when I know well enough how much I've given of my life, of my experience, how I have talked time and time again about things which actually and deeply concern me, and I've communicated to you without any restraint. Also, of course not having any particular idea in mind that you should approve of it, but only for the sake of telling you what I think is Work, and what I believe you perhaps could do in order to save your own Soul. And it is on the basis of such accumulation of events during several years in which we have had many meetings, and many talks about this and that, and also private talks when I took the time off to listen to your stories and to try to give you a little advice, and spending such time and sometimes asking you to help, maybe in answering tapes, maybe in doing some transcription work, maybe in some special kind of activity in order to alleviate the burden on my shoulder. Through it all it seems to me that you should have developed a Conscience. And I don't think it has really developed very much. You see when I now talk facts and I talk about it to everybody present here, and I again, I assure that I don't care at all about your opinion. I just tell you what is the impression I get. Here I am; I call it, ' your Teacher '. In many ways I'm a little bit of

a father who sometimes sits patiently listening to you, while you try to pour out the things that are perhapssa little difficult, and helping you with a little bit of talk and sometimes some money to help you to over-bridge: And this money comes out of a fund which I, of course, administer, because who else would do it? Who else would take the responsibility? No one; not anyone in this Group would take it. It's not that I take a chance; you might say that I draw a check on Eternity which is correct. Because that I think is the task God has given me and which I follow because Gurdjieffftold me a few things. And so I am in front of you again like this evening, sitting, and talking about truthful subjects and even going through the trouble of playing the piano, some pieces with notes I already know from beginning to end, with chords I've played already hundreds of t times in certain ways, with rhythms, sometimes familiar, sometimes not, with a tonality, try to tell you something, in trying to find out what in you can be stirred. And my attitude, you must know that, has been quite unselfish; much of this what I am doing, I don't need anymore. I'm way beyond that.

And so a day comes up, and it is <u>his</u> birthday; and it is his seventy-<u>ninth</u> birthday. And so you collect a little money in order to help out, so called. And so afterwards, Georgie, being the responsible person, asked me did I want tolist of the people. And for a little while I hesitated, said 'Whatffor? I really don't care.'. And then I changed my mind slightly and I said, 'Yes, it would be interesting.'. So I get this list and, of course, I get money, and of course in the ordinary sense of the

word, I'm grateful; because it enables me to live one day longer. And so I look at this list and I see some names and the amounts and then I say, 'What!' - and a little further I see another item and then I say, 'Why?'. Do you understand what I mean? When I say, 'What! ' , there is an amount I connect with a name and all of a sudden I visualize that person and what has happened between him and me; and what perhaps, time I've spent. And then I look and I see- I've told you I will be honest- one dollar, two dollars, two and a half, - for a birthday of a person who, it seemed to me, had a certain place in your life; not only in your life, in your heart. Why otherwise would I pour out certain kinds of wisdom, and words, and feeling, and quite definitely emotion, and even at times love for you, which I've said every once in a while. And then I find and that I say, 'What, after all?!' How can it be? Have they thought about what I am?'. Because at the same time when I say I don't care, I know what I am; That's the reason I don't care. But it is amazing to me that some of you don't, apparently, judging by that what you so call make as a gift, and when I say, 'What!' , the thought appears to me that I will return you your money. If I could in front of you, you know what I wish to do? I throw it in your face, because you,- it is effrontery. You're not treating me, not even as an ordinary human being. I don't know what you consider me. You insult me and you insult Work. And you insult yourself to be that superficial, or to be very nice, to be that stupid. And then I see some other items, I say, 'Why?', because also at the same time I see such a person and I see an

amount, and I know what they do, how, what they think, how they have to put this and this together in order, and then I see an amount. I said, 'Why? How can they give that out of their heart? How can they spare it? How do they wish to do this so that they, of course and I know, they will suffer with that kind of a gift? They cannot afford it, but they love me then.' So it is mixed, and honestly, I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, that it is still mixed. There ought to be by this time that kind of solidarity, particularly regarding me. I am much older that you are, much more mature. You receive All and Everything (CAPS) as interpretation. Where you will find it I do not know. You will not get it from Orage. You will not get it from Ouspensky, not from any of those so called 'little books' that have been published. You will not find the Barn anywhere. You will not find this system of economics that you are trying to apply in our activities. You will not find an open door at Firefly house. Some of you have even attended a little bit more intimate group of a Tuesday, and even among them, among them! When that what was given was ultra-food, esoteric food, coming from a source where I disclosed something at the cost of my own Conscience, to be able to give something partly because I feel compelled that before I die, I'm not keeping that what by rights belongs to you, or some of you. And then you slap me in the face, and I turn around and I spit on you. I deplore it. And at times when I look at that I say,'What! I hate you!'

So, to understand some changes, so that next time when such a person will want to use a little bit of my time, unfortunately

I will be a little bit too busy. I have already given them more let's say, than a dollar's worth. And they are not entitled to anything else any more, not even a little note that they could send that they appreciate the fact that I happen to be alive and still here, right here in New York. When I get from other Groups something that has really substance, and telephone calls, long distance, you know, even person to person, telegram, letters, thank you. Not that they thank me; God only knows, they thank Work, and I represent Work for you. I don't want anything for myself. And then you, what is it that you cannot understand? You superficial, stupid beings, thinking that that what I wish is a dollar from you, or two and a half or what! God damn you all for that stupidity. What would be easier for any one of you if you actually had any feelings, anything that was bordering on admiration or respect.

Where will you find another person like myself? And it's not conceit; I know my value. So that for two weeks maybe something very special you will do because my birthday is approaching, and my God, we have to do something for him, don't we?! So I work at some kind of job, a little bit special. So I work, and I don't eat lunch, I don't go out. I buy a little bread and I eat, and a glass of milk and I drink. All for that, that birthday that is coming. Because, where would you be at the prsent time without Work? I'm talking now to those who really understand, and those who belong to the dollar and the two and a half dollar class. I'm afraid that if it continues with their Conscience they will never, never understand Work. Because Work

will require for yourself the sacrifice of that what you are in order to build a Soul, for yourself. You think I talk to you for my Soul? I'm telling you the truth. I'm telling you as a Group as a whole, as some of the other Groups from which there also was a little bit of something that I also feel inclined just to return. I say, 'For God's sake, keep it!' Keep it in your pocket, put it in the little bag under your bed, hoard it, but don't, for God's sake, give it to me!'. Either you give from your heart, and I know when it comes from that, but a lousy little bit of something that you can give to a porter of the railroad car or a plane. And you treat me - do you know who I am? What I am? Why I am? Have you any idea? You stupid little fools who still think that they belong to Work and a Group; who still think that I will understand their so-called poverty. You <u>are</u> poor, I <u>know</u> at times. I know it. When it came to Work with Gurdjieff, twenty thousand francs was not even enough to kiss his feet, at a time when a franc was still worthwhile.

And here you, and there goes my birthday, the twenty seventh of October, entering into my eightieth year; eighty, eighty. Seventy-nine long years of which more than forty were spent in the service, let's call it, of Gurdjieff. And you dare, you, some of you, dare to treat me that way. And I love those where it came from the right place, where they felt something, and then, of course, they gave in accordance with their understanding and their love. And again I say,'Not for me', because that what comes goes out. It is spent. It alleviates that what sometimes is a care and a little worry, with the different things

coming up which have to be paid for. You know that. There is still a little mortgage on the Barn. There is still different items that have to be paid for, for the Barn, for my house also, of course. I happen to have a little money to buy a few things, sometimes maybe even a furnace, so that I can work in such an atmosphere that I cannot really count on Firefly to warm me. I need still a little artificial kind of a stove, or a furnace. You see, I am not as yet that kind of a super man, who sits in a cold room with cold fingers, trying to formulate in his cold head, and writing down with the fingers on a cold paper. I tell you, there is still a warm heart and from there Firefly (CAPS) will be written in time. You understand now what I mean.

You understand now what I mean. You understand how sometimes your attitude toward me is so abominable. You understand now sometimes that I say I want privacy and you still violate it. You still treat me as if I'm just one of you. And who else will tell you? I have to tell you because no one else you will want to believe. And for me to tell you, it's a headache. I hate it to tell you. And I force myself because, thank God, it's not for me. I told you that now already, I have no interest whatsoever. I talk to your Conscience, I hope you have one. And if you don't, try to find where you can buy one. I'll give you the money back to buy your Conscience. You're quite welcome to receive your gift back in return, if you then will spend it for buying a Conscience for yourself; maybe it'll help you. Maybe that will enable you to understand the value of your Soul about which I'm talking all the time. I'm not asking for anything,

but you must know by this time what every once in a while goes through my mind and how it hurts my heart, how I really cannot understand that after several years even of contact with this kind of Work; and the tapes which are free for you to listen to; and the transcriptions which are free for you to borrow; and Firefly which is available to you free; and a little music, also free; and to come to the Barn, etc., etc.. And then, where are you when you look at me? And then I will ask you,'where are you when I look at you?'.

I've said enough for those where the shoe will fit. And it is not for the sake of money. It is for the sake for you trying to find out, where is your life. What is it that you wish with your life on Earth? A little superficiality? Stay there. Don't come here and mess things up. You don't belong when you still have that attitude towards me. I've said several times, if there is no trust, if you consider me a little fool, don't come. I'm not asking you. Either you have trust for a little while, maybe then you lose it; who knows? Maybe you are, after a little while not interested any more to listening to the same old dribble you hear already so many times. I say again, 'I damn you!'. If that's your attitude. How many birthdays do you think I will still have? How many opportunities do you think that if you're honest, you still would like to commemorate? How many times will you still have a chance to wish me, so called, many years? And then after I die will you have memorial services every year on the day I die, so that then you can put one dollar in a fund to maintain the Barn? Or pay, perhaps, one dollar for your Soul./

→Enough of it; you understand now what I mean. I hope it is quite

clear. You know how you have affected me. And I've thought for quite some time what will I say, driving back from Boston today, thinking. How will I say it? I must say it, because I cannot let these kind on things go by. It's not right. It doesn't belong to an attitude of Work. It doesn't belong to people who want to grow up. It doesn't belong to people who are anxious to make their own Conscience, when already in these kind of things there is no respect, no love, no particular affection, and surely nothing of gratitude towards Work. And I still have to say it, you see? It breaks my heart a little because then I also say, 'Why do I talk? Why do I carry you? Why do I have roots? What is this crazy notion that I have in my mind that I think I ought to do what I'm doing; because Gurdjieff told me a little bit, and my mind is clever enough?' I could rationalize and I could donvince Gurdjieff that I'm all right, and that I'm perfectly entitled to stop, because I've already paid more than enough to his memory and to what he has told me to do. I have done it. You have, what are we now, in the seventeen hundred series. Boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! And with music we're already almost fifteen hundred. You know, all there at Firefly house, oh, you know, you can even borrow them! And for what?

All right,children, it's enough. You know now how mixed up my birthday was with all the lovely and beautiful things there were, there were bad notes. And the music that came from my birthday was cacophonical. And it was your fault as a Group. And at the same time, I hope for all of you that some day you will know, maybe, someday. And maybe that such a day it may be

quite late.

So tomorrow, Saturday and Sunday, a regular weekend at the Barn, a regular opportunity for wanting to Work on yourself, a regular affair with a variety of people giving you chances to see your life, an opportunity for you at times to make attempts for your Conscience and Consciousness. That you really, if you understood it, these weekends, that it might help you to become a man and to enlarge your world. And to let into this world enter some kind of elixir of gold, to be able to transmute the lead of your ordinary, heavy existence into the possibility of a bird flying towards the Sun. I hope you will have a good weekend. Good night. But you can drink to your own welfare.

END TAPE

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